



DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

THOMAS GREGG, EDITOR.

'KNOWLEDGE IS POWER—IS WEALTH—IS HONOR.'

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ALQUINA, OR THE MOHAWK CHIEF.

'I pray God I may pass these wilds in safety,' said Edmond as he stuck the rowels of his spurs deep in the sides of his exhausted horse. The noble animal roused by the pointed heel, renewed his speed, and bore his rider into the more intricate windings of the forest. The sun was sinking in sullen majesty behind a murky cloud that reared its fantastic hues in the western heavens, and threatened an approaching tempest. The traveller pursued his way with diligence, but often cast an anxious glance towards the west, as the threatening clouds continued to expand, and with aerial circumvolutions spread their gloomy and inconstant forms across that quarter of the heavens. Darkness fast approached—the thunder rolled along the air, and the tempest was beginning to howl with hollow coarseness through the forest, when his horse, overcome by the toil of the day, fell exhausted on the plain. Edmond disengaged himself from the expiring animal, just as the low hung clouds poured their congregated store with deafening fury on the leaves of the forest, and yielding himself a prey to the most gloomy apprehensions, sought the sheltering of a neighboring tree. 'Ah, all is lost,' said the disconsolate traveller, as he wrapped his cloak more closely around him, 'and the defenceless family of Seymour will fall an easy prey to the ruthless sons of the forest. And shall the gentle and delicate Emily become subject to the cruel caprice of the savage Indian!—not while my arm can wield a weapon; nor shall she be left defenceless, though all the elements combine to separate us.' As he pronounced these words, in the energy of the moment, he raised himself from his leaning posture, and a flash of lightning cast a semblance of day upon the surrounding objects, he started at beholding a gigantic form only a few paces from him, but partly obscured by an intervening shrub. He instinctively grasped his pistol, and in a voice rendered wild with terror, exclaimed, 'What are you?'

'Alquina,' said the figure, in a voice whose

deep sonorous tones seemed in the ear of the astonished traveller, to mock the bellowing of the thunder. The word was succeeded by a whoop so shrill and terrible, that the startled forest returned its echo from a thousand sources, and Edmond found himself instantaneously encircled in the iron grasp of the stranger. Resistance was in vain—he was quickly disarmed, and laying his brawny hand upon his shoulder, the savage bade him follow, and with long strides proceeded through the forest. The savage still maintained his grasp with painful tenacity, and in a few moments entered a rude habitation. Having raised a light by throwing some dry faggots on the decaying embers, he turned to his unwilling guest, and in a milder tone, though the request still sounded like a command, he pointed to a bunch of skins, and invited him to sit. Edmond gazed with wonder and admiration on the stately form of his conductor, who was pacing with powerful and irregular strides the floor of the narrow dwelling. His glossy hair, lately agitated by the wind, now hung in sable clusters over his swarthy brow, and added a savage wildness to the natural ferocity of his countenance. His dress was wild and warlike, and as he passed and re-passed before him, he could not but recall to his mind the inimitable description which the prince of English poets gives to Satan:

"He above the rest,
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower. His form had not yet lost
All her original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than archangel ruin'd, and the excess
Of glory obscur'd. As when the sun new risen
Looks thro' the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of its beams, or from behind the moon
In dim eclipse disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all th' archangel." —

As Edmond was running the beautiful passage over in his mind; the Indian threw aside his elf locks that shaded his brow, and turning to his guest addressed him as follows:

'Stranger, you see before you the wreck of sixty winters, of which thirty have been spent in alternate paroxysms of hope and despair. Often during that period has the once power-

ful Alquina been forced to elude the fury of your countrymen, by the nocturnal flight to the secret cave, and as he spoke his eye flashed with a terrible animation. 'Yes, often has this powerful arm drained the life-blood of the ruthless invader. In the morning of my days, when a thousand warriors drew the bow at my command, and sought the ranks of death at my bidding; when after the toil of the chase or the defeat of the foe, I retired to my home, and the black-eyed daughter of Odewandi smiled at my coming, then was Alquina happy. But the sons of Europe, alured by its fertility, settled in my country—I received them as brothers, and confided in their honor. But let the persecuted remnant of a once powerful nation, attest their perfidy. I have lived to see the ruin of my country, my home and my happiness—all has fallen before the withering breath of the destroyers, and to fix the deadliness of my hate, the wife of my bosom was sent by their hands a bloody sacrifice from the field of death as an acceptable offering to the God of Christians. But she went not alone—the ghosts of thousands of your countrymen were disengaged from their earthly embrace by my avenging arm, and ascended on the wings of the wild tornado, to appease her spirit in the land of souls. Yes, often have I met the palid despoilers of my country on the field of battle, and then every thing but my wrongs were forgotten in the deadly strife. The axe of war was never raised by Alquina, but its descent hastened some spirit to the regions beyond the clouds. But never, although the deadly strife has reduced the number of my warriors, and sent famine, desolation and death where before was peace and plenty, has Alquina violated the rights of hospitality, and though you are now in the power of one whose name strikes a terror into the bosom of your countrymen, yet sleep in peace, protected by the ruler of the winds, till the gladdening beams of the morning shall have scattered the shades of night, and then, with the blessings of the Indian, depart in peace.'

The savage then prepared a rustic couch of skins, and side by side the toil-worn traveller and his rugged host, sunk into the arms of Morpheus. But as the first rays of morn-

ing cast a brilliant gleam in the eastern horizon and adorned the tops of the distant mountains with his kindling rays, Edmond sprang from his slumber, and having received the benediction of the Indian, and the directions for the remainder of his journey, proceeded on his pedestrian tour.

The sun was rising in majestic splendor over the boundless forest, and the morning breeze, purified by the evening shower, carried on its downy wings the sweetness of May. Light as the bounding deer Edmond pursued his way—his feelings buoyant with the sweet expectation of soon embracing the object of his early affections, the blooming Emily, he regarded not the distance, and ere the sun had measured half the distance to his meridian; he emerged from the forest and reached the flourishing plantation of Mr. Seymour.—But who can describe his feelings when arriving at the spot where stood the family mansion, he beheld its smoking ruins. Like one confounded, he gazed upon the smouldering pile, now lying in confused and irregular masses, as yet not forsaken by the devouring element. But turning from the dismal scene, he encountered one still more appalling.—Near the ruins of their once happy home, and partly covered by some household furniture, lay the lifeless and mangled bodies of Mr. & Mrs. Seymour. Edmond uttered a cry of horror, cast a searching glance about him, and then raising a wild and imploring look towards heaven, pursued the recent track of the murderers with the eye of the eagle, and an agility no less powerful than the native sons of the forest, followed the dubious route, now but dimly marked by the displaced leaf or the crushed flower, which from its elasticity, sometimes almost returned to its original form. But guided by the hand of fortune and his own accurate observation, attended by the most active diligence, he at length came in sight of the party. The most of them were loaded with the fruits of their excursion. But a short distance in the rear, beheld one of the savages leading or rather dragging the fainting form of Emily Seymour. The bound of the tiger is not more powerful than was that which the young man made towards the party. He paused a moment—the report of a pistol rung through the forest, and the Indian fell. With a yell more dreadful than the wailings of the damned, the Indians dropped their bundles and rushed towards the spot.

"Stand back, villains, you part us not while life remains," said Edmond. The Indians gazed with wonder on the energy of his manner, as he supported on one arm the fainting form of his beloved Emily. They hesitated for a moment, till aroused to revenge by the groans of their dying companion, they rushed in irresistible numbers upon, disarmed and bound him, but not till another brawny savage had received the contents of his remaining pistol. The party now made hasty preparations to resume their march, and Edmond strongly bound, resigned himself to despair. The savages constructed a litter on which they placed the apparently lifeless form of Emily, and proceeded with all possible expedi-

tion on their way. The sun had now sunk low in the west, and the shades of night began to throw a mournful, but not unpleasant gloom over the forest. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the wily tread of the party, or the stifled groans of the unhappy prisoners. The party continued their route till darkness had blended the surrounding objects in promiscuous confusion.—They then halted for the night, and proceeded to deliberate on the choice of prisoners to sacrifice to the manes of their slaughtered companions.—Emily Seymour was the destined victim.—Happily for her she was at this time perfectly insensible. But her distracted lover witnessed the preparations for the damning deed, with feelings that can be better conceived than described. He was yet ignorant of their choice—but from the operations, he knew that one or both must undergo the dreadful ordeal of Indian torture.

At length the funeral pile was completed, and Emily Seymour was carried pale and lifeless to the fatal spot. "God of Heaven," said Edmond as with an effort almost superhuman, he burst his fetters and in the same breath Emily was clasped in his arms. The Indians with demoniac yells, proceeded to separate them.

"Hold!" said a voice of thunder. Edmond turned his head—it was the giant form of the chieftain Alquina; and high in air he brandished the axe of death. The Indians shrunk from his presence like startled deer. He unbound the victim of their barbarity, and after indefatigable exertions restored her to life, and delivered her into the arms of her lover. He conversed a few moments with the Indians, and then turning to Edmond—"Stranger," said he, "you have lately proved my hospitality, and though the blood of two of my bravest warriors is on your head, you shall witness my benevolence; and though surrounded by danger you shall see that an Indian can be generous. I am about to leave this place, the home of my childhood, forever.—My first intercourse with your countrymen consisted of acts of kindness. How they were rewarded let my slaughtered warriors, and this my exile tell.—But I am past revenge, and now I go to pass the remainder of my days far from that country which once was mine in the eye of Heaven, but has been torn from me by the bloody hand of unlawful treachery. Not far from this is the settlement of your countrymen, and although the expedition teems with danger, you shall be guided to it under my inspection—and then farewell my happiness, my country, and the grave of her I loved."

Here the chieftain paused, dashed away a gathering tear, and gave orders to prepare for escorting the prisoners to the village. Emily had now so far recovered, as to be able to walk with the assistance of Edmond and the chief, and the party soon commenced their journey. The sun was just beginning to paint the eastern horizon with a lighter hue, when they came in sight of the little settlement. The party paused. The chieftain took the hand of Edmond. "Farewell," said he, "you

go to your home and your friends, and with them and your bosom companion, you will be happy. But no happiness remains for Alquina, but in death, and that I have sought in vain. Farewell." A tear was gathering in his eye, and his voice faltered. That moment a volley of musketry rang through the air, and the chieftain fell. Edmond knelt by his side—the assailants rushed forward, and he knew the garb of his country's warriors.—"Oh, save Alquina," said he, as a young soldier was about to plunge a bayonet into his breast. The soldier stayed his hand. The youth cleared the matted locks from his bloody brow. The chieftain turned his quivering eye upon him, clasping his hand with a dying grasp, and without a groan, his mighty soul took its flight to rejoin his slaughtered countrymen in the world of Spirits.

TIME FOR READING.

Men vary so much in occupation, opportunity, and leisure, that, while one may easily command hours, another can with difficulty secure minutes. On this point every one must be left to the decision of his own conscience. Inquire of that, impartially and seriously, and then determine how large a portion of time you can daily give to this great object. I believe it may be laid down as certain, that most persons may afford to it a great deal more than they imagine. Some make no effort to do any thing, because they can effect so little that they account it not worth the effort. But they should remember, that duty does not consist in doing great things, but in doing what we can; and that, if they would redeem from the hurry of business and the relaxation of sleep, one quarter of an hour a day, it would be a more praiseworthy offering than the many hours which are given by others. Even five minutes a day would be worth something, would be invaluable to one who was earnestly bent on using it. It would amount in a year to thirty hours; and who will say that it is not better to improve the mind for thirty hours than not at all? But I am persuaded that there is scarcely any one, however engrossed in necessary cares, who may not find much more time than this—who may not find an hour a day. By greater care of the minutes which he wastes, by abridging a little from his meals, a little from his pleasures, and a little from his sleep, it would be easily accomplished. If one be in earnest, as he should be, if he seeks for wisdom as for gold, and for understanding as for hid treasure, it will be no impossible thing to find the requisite time. Few men but could readily gain an hour a day, if they were to gain by it a dollar a day. Indeed, it is often seen, in actual life, that a person to whom religion has become an object of deep concern, contrives to devote to his books more time than this, though before he would have thought it impossible. Nothing is wanting but the "willing mind." If one feel the necessity, every thing else will give way. Rather than remain ignorant and without progress in knowledge, he will cheerfully watch an hour later at night, and rise an hour earlier in the morning.—

The gain to the mind will more than balance the inconvenience to the body. You may regard it, then, as some proof of the sincerity and earnestness of your desire for improvement, if you find yourself able to appropriate a certain portion of time to profitable reading. It is important that you select for this purpose those hours which shall be least liable to interruption, and that you allow nothing to infringe upon them. Be punctual and faithful to it, as the banker to his hours of business.—There are seasons in every one's vocation at which his business is less pressing than at others; and there are also seasons of leisure which he feels at liberty to take for recreation and amusement. As you will have lost all taste for frivolous amusement and unprofitable pleasures, you will be able to devote all such seasons to the improvement of your mind; and, instead of the theatre and the ball-room, from which you have returned fatigued in body and distracted in mind, and to some extent unfitted for duty, you will enjoy the converse of the great minds which have blessed the world, and, after filling your soul with their thoughts, will go back to your ordinary duty with a spirit refreshed and invigorated, and a body unwearied. During the season of long evenings, especially, when so many are hurrying from diversion to diversion, as if this long leisure were provided them only that they may contrive how ingeniously they can throw it away—you will perceive that you have a most favorable opportunity for pursuing extensive researches, and making large acquisitions of knowledge. Evening after evening, in your own quiet retirement, you will sit down to this instructive application. By diligence what progress may you make! what volumes may you master! to what extent may you become enriched with the great and various treasures of intellect!—*Ware.*

FEMALE ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

If a woman be as beautiful as one of those celestial beings, with whom the vivid dreams of imagination have peopled Mahomet's paradise, as lovely and fresh as the fable Aurora, and as light and as graceful as Hebe, yet if she does not unite to the external charms of her person, the refined accomplishments, sublime sentiments of an elegant mind, she can never enchain the heart of her husband with those golden fetters which only death can sever. Sweetness of disposition, intellectual endowment wreath those fetters with the ever blooming roses of enjoyment, and, call forth into action all the tender charities which irradiate the sphere of cannubial happiness.

A woman may shine in mechanical accomplishments, though a ray of mental light does not dawn upon her mind; she may paint, sing, and play upon musical instruments, and by those manual vocal arts, gain a transient triumph over those who are contented with female cultivation hanging on walls, or hearing it vibrate upon strings.—But the man of discernment feels that a woman thus gifted, can only amuse for an hour, and attract by her adscititious donations, some frippery fops

who, like the stupid butterflies, light on exotic flowers, without fragrance or perfume, rather than on the odoriferous blossoms that yield delicious honey. The looks of a stupid beauty, "who has not soul within her eyes," are fixed in the dead calm of insensibility; they emit no electric sparks to kindle the affections—so that they are examined without emotion, and as they do not express passion or intellect they are beheld without love.

In the winter of life, when the gaudy flowers of personal beauty are nipped by the "rude breathing" of age; when the lustre of the blue eye is dimmed, and the bloom of the rosy cheeks fled, how fallen; then will be the unmarried who has no resources in the treasury of mind: she will remain a tyrant without power, a prey to envy and remorse. A woman of intellectual accomplishments, on the contrary, in the evening of life, will draw at the fountain of the grace the limped balsam of literary knowledge—diffuse the pleasure of instruction to her children, and illuminate by her cheerful conversation all who are circled within the attractive sphere of the society in which she moves. Beauty is as fleeting and as fragile as the bloom of an exotic flower, blown under the chilling influence of a northern breeze; education alone is the towering oak that defies the tempest of years.

The most inestimable blessings which the benign bounty of the Creator has bestowed upon man, is the possession of virtuous, amiable and educated women—her love is the highest delight which gladdens him in the vale of sufferings; it is a green basis that spreads for him its grassy verdure on the desert of despair. In the possession of a lovely, sympathetic woman, even in the solitude of life, only illuminated by her smiles, the soul is more gratified than upon the throne of Napoleon, when the world honoured him with its homage, and was dazzled by the lustre of its glory.

Though Rousseau threw enchantment over the tender passions, though Byron and Ossian transfused the most sublime profound sensibility into love, yet they never experienced those fine feelings of which the pure heart of woman is susceptible.—It is the fountain from which piety, ardent affections gush spontaneous and flowing union. It is in the midst of distress and anguish, that the finest qualities of the female, and the noblest traits of the female character, are displayed in all their characteristic grandeur.

When a husband is suffering under the pressure of unutterable woe, when his prospects are withered by the dissolved illusion of *hope*, and the cruel desertion of friends, it is then that the consolations of a wife pour the balm of sympathy into the corroded bosom of grief. Adversity only gives an additional impulse of ardor to her attachment, it seems to inspire her with a spirit of devotedness to the object of her love, which rises superior to the inflictions of misfortune. No changes or chances can estrange constancy, or subdue the intensity of her devotion.

The mass of mankind are in pursuit of visionary objects and fictitious ends which they denote Happiness. They believe if certain purposes can be effected and certain ends attained, the boon is won, and consequently they shall be happy. But this is mere delusion, which a little self knowledge would explode and show to be fallacious; it is only self-complacency mistifying things, and thus unheeded we are deceiving ourselves. To this purpose, some men seek distinction, others acquire wealth and others gain power, but then none of them prove sources of unmixed happiness. Distinction gives a man pains and sometimes subjects him to extreme perils; often it is a source of envy and maliciousness to some and imposes irksome duties and restraints upon others. Extensive wealth does not always confer happiness, though it admits many social comforts and great conveniences; its possession requires much anxious care and judicious management to preserve it, and often it creates an inordinate desire to possess more. The pampered appetites are soon satiated, and the stomach, fed with luxurious indulgences, early becomes diseased. The body may be tortured with pain on a curtained couch as well as on a straw bed, and the heart may be lacerated in the saloons of a palace as well as in the retirement of a cottage. Power is irksome, because it is difficult to retain, demanding constant watchfulness and care to keep it; besides its attendant responsibilities, scrupulous political honesty and conscientious discharge of trust, are often misrepresented and seldom appreciated.—The accomplishment of great purposes and distinguished ends, does not always confer Happiness. Bruce, the celebrated traveller in Africa, desired to establish an imperishable fame, by discovering the source of the Nile. This end could not be attained without intense suffering and imminent peril. After enduring all these, his hopes are consummated, and the long sought fountain, among the inhospitable mountains of Africa, is won.—This event, both to himself and the world, was an important one, yet when he had accomplished it, from intense joy, he relapsed into a state of the most painful despondency. "And is this all," he exclaimed when he thought of his own home and those he loved, and the uncertainty of ever meeting with them again flashed across his busy memory. In the bitterness of his heart, he wept agonizing tears.

"Oh! Happiness! how far we flee,
Thine own sweet paths in search of thee."

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—As a young woman sat near the fire reading one of the last novels, she fell asleep, and melancholy to relate—dropped her *book* in the fire—it survived only a few minutes!!

GENTEEL IMPUDENCE.—"I am much obliged to you"—"Not at all sir!"—Where is the difference between contradicting thus flatly, and saying you lie sir?

Pugilists begin their battle from a paradox—for they stand up, and *fall to*.

SCIENTIFIC.

ON THE PROCESS OF MEMORY.

BY ISAAC ORR.

From the American Journal of Science and Arts.

ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir,—The following suggestions are probably new, and not altogether unimportant, since if they are correct they throw at least some light on the subject of Intellectual Philosophy.

In every *primary* intellectual operation, there are two things to be especially noted. 1st. The impression or influence on the organ or faculty of the mind, from the object of perception or observation; 2d. The perception of that object by the mind, or the attention of the mind directed towards it.—The former of these, as far as impressions from without are concerned, Dugald Stewart has distinguished by the name of sensation, though it is questionable whether it does not often take place when the organ is entirely torpid. The latter he calls perception. The process is simply the following. The light from an object strikes upon the retina. If the mind is sufficiently unoccupied and awake, it perceives or observes the impulse. This is a voluntary or involuntary *act* of the mind; and may be in part both. It requires but a moment's reflection, to understand fully, that it is merely the repetition of this very act, which afterwards constitutes the recollection or memory of that object. Again, the air vibrates upon the ear, from some one of the various causes, to which sound is ascribed.—The mind perceives or observes the vibration. This also is a mental act: and memory of the sound in question, is plainly a mere *repetition* of this very act, or otherwise the power of repeating it. In the same manner impressions are made on the organs of smell, taste, and touch: the mind perceives or observes the impressions; and the memory of all the objects by which the impressions are made, is most evidently mere repetitions of the primary act, that is, the act of perception. One answer, then to the question, what is memory? is, that it is a part of the very act of observation or perception. The only difference is, that the impression is not made on the organ.—The act of the mind itself, is the very same in kind, and can differ in no respect, unless it is in the degree of vividness.

It is doubtful, even, whether the mind has not the power of producing on the organs of sense, just such impressions as are made by external objects. This power is at least indicated by the electric light,* which appears to exist in the eye, so scarcely latent, or slightly confined, that it is excited to action by a stroke, or a jar, or by any sudden and vivid emotion. The ear, too, has the elements of sound so much at command, independent of any external cause, that a slight disorder

*May not this perception of sight, (we know of nothing to prove that it is electric,) arise, merely, from the impulse on the optic nerve?—Ed.

or irregularity of the parts in or about the ear, will often produce the sensation of sound as vividly, as if an impression were really made upon the ear by the action of an external object. It is well known that the other organs of sense are not near so susceptible of seeming sensations, without the actual influence of external causes. The organs of touch may be thought an exception; but the sensations caused by internal pain, are very different from those produced by external objects, on the organs of touch. May it not be owing to these facts that the senses of seeing and hearing, are more concerned in dreams, than the other senses?

The *action* of the mind, then, in recollection or memory, is the same as in observation or perception; and there is, perhaps, a slight probability, that the mind goes farther, in some cases, and produces on the organs of sense, the phenomena of actual sensation.—It is an interesting question, why the mind acts in one way rather than another; or why the attention of the mind *seems* directed towards one object rather than another? This question is best answered by well known facts; that the mind acts most readily in that way in which it has before acted the oftenest and most intensely; that those sensations are reproduced most readily, by the mind, which have been before the most frequent and the most vivid; or that the attention of the mind is most easily directed to those *seeming* objects, towards which it has been the oftenest and most earnestly directed. Now all this would be well and simply called *mental habit*. On habit, too, much of association is plainly dependent. The mind goes from one thing to another, in a particular train, simply because it has done so before. Philosophical association may be thought to be somewhat different. But when it is analyzed, it will be found to be quite or very nearly the same. In going from cause to effect, from effect to cause, from premises to conclusions, from conclusions to premises, from like to like, and from opposite to opposite, there will be usually found elements in each, which the mind has before observed or contemplated together. Where it is otherwise, it is generally not a case of memory, but of actual perception.

Each of the very rapid motions, in the performance of instrumental music, and in other similar exercises, has been ascribed to a distinct act of the memory, and an act of the will. Be it so; and it goes to confirm the views which have been here taken of the subject.—If the fingers make a series of movements in such sure and rapid succession, it is not simply because the mind has time to determine and will each movement, but because it has been *accustomed* so to move them. It is a matter of habit. This is the decision of the great mass of mankind: and there is nothing in the whole circle of intellectual phenomena to contravene it.

When we have arrived at habit, we have arrived apparently at the ultimate fact. Every body knows that the mind is most apt to operate, and operates most readily, in the way in

which it has operated before. But the question why or how it is so, probably admits of the sole answer, that it is an ordinance of the Creator. It is an ordinance designed and calculated to give to idleness and vice their punishment, and its reward to diligence.

If these views are correct, the proper and philosophical definition of memory is not, the recalling of ideas or images laid up in the mind, or the power of doing it; nor is it even, the renewing of former impressions and reflections, or the power of doing it except in those doubtful cases in which the mind itself *may* produce actual sensations; but it is, *the acts of the mind in ways to which it has been accustomed, or the force of habit urging, disposing, or helping the mind in the performance of customary acts.* Memory is either the influence or power of mental habit, or the results of that habit; and as a necessary consequence, the improvement of the memory mainly depends on the frequency and intensity of mental action.

INTERESTING PHILOSOPHICAL FACTS.

The change of property which takes place when chymical attraction acts, is not confined to metals, but is a general result in every case when different bodies are brought into this state of combination or chymical union. Frequently we find, that the properties of each body are totally changed; and substances, from being energetic and violent in their nature, become inert and harmless, and *vice versa*. For instance, that useful and agreeable substance culinary salt, which is not only harmless, but wholesome, and absolutely necessary to the well being of man, is composed of two formidable ingredients, either of which taken into the stomach, proves fatal to life; one of these is a metal, and the other an air; the former is called *sodium* and the latter *chlorine*. When presented to each other, the violence of their nature is manifested by their immediate bursting into flame, and instantly they are both deprived of their virulence. Can any thing be more striking than the change of properties in this case; and who would have supposed that the culinary salt is composed of a metal united to an air?

The medicine called the Glauber's salt is another instance; it is composed of caustic poisons of different kinds; one called oil of vitriol and the other barilla or soda. There are also two substances known to chymists which are disgustingly bitter liquids; one is called nitrate of silver, and the other hydro-sulphate of soda; when mixed, they form a compound of considerable sweetness. But the atmosphere which we breathe is the most extraordinary of all instances; it must be surprising, to those who are unacquainted with the fact, that atmospheric air, indispensable as it is to life, is composed of the same ingredients as that most violent and destructive liquid called *aqua fortis*, or nitric acid.—This powerful acid, by being made to act upon sugar, the sweetest of all things, produces a substance intensely bitter to the taste.—Charcoal is, of all known substance, the most difficult to convert into vapor, so much so,

indeed, that the conversion has never been yet decidedly effected; it is also a very solid substance, and a diamond which is nothing but crystalized charcoal, is one of the hardest bodies in nature. Sulphur, in the solid state, is also a hard substance, and to hold it in a vapor requires a high temperature. But when these two substances, carbon and sulphur, are made to combine chymically, so as to form the substance called bisulphuret of carbon, their properties are strikingly changed. Instead of the compound being hard it is a thin liquid, and is not known to freeze or solidify at any degree of cold that can be produced. Instead of the compound being difficult to evaporize, it is of all liquids one of the most evaporable. Charcoal is the blackest substance with which we are acquainted; sulphur is one of the most lively yellow hue; but the compound is as colorless as water.—A new smell and taste are acquired, and, in a word, there is not one point of resemblance, with the components. These facts are strikingly illustrative of the change of properties which follow on the exertion of chymical attraction between the ultimate particles of bodies.—*Donayan's Chemistry.*

Choice Extracts.

A CITY NIGHT-PIECE.

BY GOLDSMITH.

The clock has just struck two, the expiring taper rises and sinks in the socket, the watchman forgets the hour in slumber, the laborious and the happy are at rest, and nothing wakes but meditation, guilt, revelry, and despair. The drunkard once more fills the destroying bowl, the robber walks his midnight round, and the suicide lifts his guilty arm against his own sacred person.

Let me no longer waste the night over the page of antiquity, or the sallies of cotemporary genius, but pursue the solitary walk, where Vanity, ever changing, but a few hours past walked before me, where she kept up the pageant, and now, like a froward child, seems hushed with her own importunities.

What a gloom hangs all around! The dying lamp feebly emits a yellow gleam; no sound is heard of the chiming clock, or the distant watch-dog. All the bustle of human pride is forgotten, an hour like this may well display the emptiness of human vanity.

There will come a time when this temporary solitude may be made continual, and the city itself, like its inhabitants, fade away and leave a desert in its room.

What cities, as great as this, have once triumphed in existence, had their victories as great, joy as just and unbounded, and, with short sighted presumption, promised themselves immortality! Posterity can hardly trace the situation of some: the sorrowful traveller wanders over the awful ruins of others; and as he beholds, he learns wisdom, and feels the transience of every sublunary possession.

'Here' he cries, 'stood their citadel, now grown over with weeds; there their senate-

house, but now the haunt of every noxious reptile; temples and theatres stood here, now only an undistinguished heap of ruins.

They are fallen—for luxury and avarice first made them feeble. The rewards of the state were conferred on amusing and not on useful members of society. Their riches and opulence invited the invaders, who, though at first repulsed, returned again, conquered by perseverance, and at last swept the defendants into undistinguished destruction.'

How few appear in those streets which but some few hours ago were crowded! and those who appear, now no longer wear their daily mask, nor attempt to hide their lewdness or their misery.

But who are those who make the streets their couch, and a short repose from wretchedness at the doors of the opulent? These are strangers, wanderers and orphans, whose circumstances are too humble to express redress, and whose distresses are too great even for pity. Their wretchedness excites rather horror than pity. Some are without the covering even of rags, and others emaciated with disease: the world has disclaimed them: society turns its back upon their distress, and has given them up to nakedness and hunger. The poor shivering females have had once happier days and been flattered into beauty. They have been prostituted to the gay luxurious villain, and now turned out to meet the severity of winter. Perhaps now lying at the doors of their betrayers, they sue to wretches whose hearts are insensible, or debauchees who may curse but will not relieve them.

Why, was I born a man, and yet see the sufferings of wretches I cannot relieve! Poor houseless creatures! the world will give you reproaches but will not give you relief; the most imaginary uneasiness of the rich, are aggravated with all the power of eloquence, and held up to engage our attention and sympathetic sorrow. The poor weep unheeded, persecuted by every subordinate species of tyranny, and every law which gives others security becomes an enemy to them.

Why was this heart of mine formed with so much sensibility? or why was not my fortune adapted to its impulse? Tenderness, without a capacity of relieving only makes the man who feels it more wretched than the object which sues for assistance. Adieu.

ANCIENT GRANDEUR OF MEDITERRANEAN AFRICA.

THIS region, which is now covered with darkness, and left so far behind in all the arts and attachments which exalt and adorn human nature, had at that early period, taken the lead in these very particulars of all other nations. It included Egypt and Carthage, which as the first seats of commerce and government were the admiration of the ancient world. In the patriarchal ages when the Scripture history represents the Mesopotamian Plain, the scene of the future empires of Babylon and Assyria, as little more than a wide and open common, Egypt appears regularly organized, and forming a great and pow-

erful kingdom; and when Greece was under the tumultuous sway of a multitude of petty chieftains, Homer already celebrates the hundred gates of Thebes, and the mighty hosts, which, in warlike array, issued from them to battle. Egypt was illustrious, also, among the ancients as producing the first elements of learning and abstract science, the first approach to alphabetical writing by hieroglyphic emblems; the first great works in sculpture, painting, and architecture; and travellers even now find that country at an era when the faintest dawn of science had not yet illuminated the regions of Europe. While Egypt was thus pre-eminent in science and art, Carthage equally excelled in commerce and the wealth which it produced; by means of which she rose to such a degree of power, as to enable her to hold long suspended between herself and Rome, the scale of universal empire. In that grand struggle Carthage sunk amid the blaze of expiring glory, while Egypt, after having passed through many ages of alternate splendor and slavery, was also, at length, included in the extended dominion of Rome. Yet though all Mediterranean Africa thus merged into a province of the Roman world, it was still an opulent and enlightened one, boasting equally with others its sages, its saints, its heads and fathers of the church, and exhibiting Alexandria and Carthage on a footing with the greatest cities of the empire.

THE HOARY DRUNKARD.

We yesterday witnessed, in the upper part of the city, a lamentable instance of the misery and degradation induced by this vice. An aged and hoary headed man, dressed with more than ordinary neatness, was seen tottering from side to side, the object of the shouting derision of a crowd of jeering boys. Having lost his hat, his white hair streamed over his wrinkled forehead, and his eyes gleamed through the rheum of age with the full idiocy of intemperance. A young rosy lad attempted to lead him to his home, but from terror, shame, and weakness, was unable to sustain him. The hoary drunkard, loosed from his hold, and reeling, retching, and cursing, sunk to the ground, his head falling heavily against the curb stone.—The boy regarded him for a moment—and then burst into tears. It was his father. The scene afforded an impressive and affecting lesson. The wretch who thus degraded himself and his species, had accumulated by a long life of honest industry, a competency. His character was unblemished, and he had raised in the District as fine a family as ever gladdened a father's fireside.—He had been a moderate drinker, but the measure gradually increasing, he sunk into intemperance, and became a curse to himself, and a reproach to his family.

Nat. Intelligencer.

HOW THE MIGHTY HAVE FALLEN!

Go then to the grave of Martin of Maryland, who, thirty years ago, stood at the head of the American bar—but who died a sot. Go to the Senate of the United States, and witness that vacant chair out of which a Senator tumb-

led into a drunkard's grave. Witness the end of Mirabeau, of Savage, of Sheridan, of Burns, of Byron—and of more than one Doctor of Divinity. One minister, I knew, who, if human eloquence could avail, would have scattered salvation as from angel's wings—had he not found a drunkard's grave? The more mind, the more danger. Excitement was the food of the mind—and when this species of excitement was suffered to sway the energies of a gigantic intellect, there was no predicting the result.—*Wells's Lectures.*

BOOK OF NATURE.

FLOWERS.

BUT for what purpose do these charming flowers come forth? Is it merely to please our eyes with their brilliant colors, and regale the sense of smelling with their odoriferous perfumes, that they unfold their fascinating beauties and emit their pleasing fragrance? Or is it to attract those numerous insects which swarm among them, and riot amid their liquid sweets?

That flowers were designed for both these purposes is a parent from the sensations we experience when we have leisure to visit those delightful spots, and the assiduous eagerness which the busy bee evinces in roaming from flower to flower, to extract their balmy juices. But there is another, and that a most important use to which the flowery race may be made subservient:—*In reason's ear they become preachers.*

The upright philosopher of the land of Uz, and that devout admirer of the works of Nature, Israel's king, David, both took occasion to compare the uncertain tenure of human life, to the frail and perishable state of a flower. The prophet Isaiah represents the transient glory of the crown of pride as being like to one of these fading beauties; and our Saviour has demonstrated that an important lesson may be learned against a *too anxious care, and pride in dress*, by a right consideration of these gay visitants; "Consider the lilies how they grow; they toil not, they spin not, and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

It must, therefore, add much to the value of these short-lived monitors, in the estimation of the wise, and make their peaceful abodes be sought after with the greater avidity by those who take pleasure in the works of God, that they are thus capable of affording matter for serious reflection and moral improvement.

Mr. Addison seems to have been sensible of this when he breaks out into the following declamation, in praise of the pleasures of such a retirement;—"You must know, Sir," says he, in one of his papers in the *Spectator*, "that I look upon the pleasure which we take in a garden, as one of the most innocent delights of human life. A garden was the habitation of our first parents before the fall. It is naturally apt to fill the mind with calmness and tranquillity, and to lay all its turbulent pas-

sions at rest. It gives us a great insight into the contrivance and wisdom of Providence, and suggests innumerable subjects for meditation. We cannot but think the very complacency and satisfaction which a man takes in these works of nature, to be a laudable, if not a virtuous habit of mind."

But let not the poor complain, or those who have no garden to retire to,—no beautifully adorned enclosure, where, secluded from society, they may give themselves up to reflection. Still the fields are open to them, and what, in the words of an eminent naturalist, is the earth, but 'an immense garden, laid out and planted by the hand of the Deity?—the lofty mountains and waving forests are its terraces and groves; fertile fields and flowery meadows form its beautiful parterres.'

We cannot, we are persuaded, conclude this head of our subject better than with the following quotation from the author of *The Seasons*:

'Soft roll your incense herbs, and fruits, and flowers,

In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.'

MONT BLANC,

IN THE GLEAM OF SUNSET.

We arrived, before sundown, at the village of St. Martin, where we were to stay for the night. The evening being remarkably fine, we crossed the Arve on a beautiful bridge, and walked over to Salenche, a very considerable village, opposite to St. Martin, and ascended a hill to view the effect of the sun's declining light upon Mont Blanc. The scene was truly grand. The broad range of the mountain was fully before us, of a pure and almost glowing white, apparently to its very base; and which, contrasted with the brown tints of the adjoining mountains, greatly heightened the novelty of the scene. We could scarcely avoid the conclusion, that this vast pile of snow was very near us, and yet its base was not less than fifteen, and its summit, probably, more than twenty miles from the place where we stood. The varying rays of light produced by reflection from the snow, passing, as the sun's rays declined, from a brilliant white through purple and pink, and ending in the gentle light, which the snow gives after the sun has set, afforded an exhibition in optics upon a scale of grandeur, which no other region in the world could probably excel. Never in my life have my feelings been so powerfully affected by merely scenery as they were in this day's excursion. The excitement, though attended by sensations awfully impressive, is nevertheless so finely attempered by the glow of novelty incessantly mingled with astonishment and admiration, as to produce on the whole a feast of delight.

A few years ago, I stood on Table Rock, and placed my cane in the descending flood of Niagara. Its tremendous roar almost precluded conversation with the friend at my side; while its whirlwind of mist and foam filled

the air to a great distance around me. The rainbow sported in its bosom; the gulf below exhibited the wild fury of an immense boiling cauldron; while the rapids above, for the space of nearly a mile, appeared like a mountain of billows chafing and dashing against each other with thundering impetuosity, in their eager strife to gain the precipice, and take the awful leap. In contemplating this scene, my imagination and my heart were filled with sublime and tender emotions. The soul seemed to be brought a step nearer to the presence of that incomprehensible Being, whose spirit dwelt in every feature of the cataract, and directed all its amazing energies. Yet in the scenery of this day there was more of a pervading sense of awful and unlimited grandeur: mountain piled upon mountain in endless continuity throughout the whole extent, and crowned by the brightest effulgence of an evening sun, upon the everlasting snows of the highest pinnacle of Europe.

Griseom.

MISCELLANY.

LEARNED QUOTATIONS.—We are sadly annoyed, occasionally, by the practice some of our correspondents have, (a practice, by the way, which is far too prevalent, not only in newspapers, but in works of greater magnitude, and pretensions,) of besprinkling their favors with quotations from the French, Spanish, and dead languages. Why writers of respectable abilities do this, we cannot conceive. It is a species of pedantry, not only disgusting in itself, but very disagreeable to the generality of readers. We know of but one observation of the kind, which we like as well as the remark of Dr. Franklin, that 'there are more good books written in the English language, than can be mastered by any man the in course of an ordinary life time;' and that is, the remark of another great man, that "a person with a thorough knowledge of the English language, can write a stronger sentence in it alone, than if he call to his assistance half a dozen other tongues."

We recently saw an anecdote of the father of the late Vice-President of the United States, which may be introduced here with applicability, and which is to this effect: The father of Mr. Calhoun was a native of Ireland, and was a plain-spoken, matter-of-fact man, who wished to have every thing done in a straight-forward, intelligible manner. He was a member of the South Carolina State Legislature; and being frequently annoyed by the classical quotations with which the half-fledged collegial members affected to illustrate their grandiloquent harrangues, he determined to put a stop to them. Accordingly, he one day, in reply to one of these tinsel gentleman, said, "Mr. Speaker, the gentleman is very fond of interlarding his speeches with the *Lettin* tongue, which I suppose few of the members of this assembly understand any more than myself. I give him warning, therefore, that if he dont quit spouting his *Lettin*, I'll spout my *Irish*—and then

let me see whether he'll be able to understand that or not.—*Cin. Mirror.*

FOSSIL REMAINS OF THE MASTODON.

Col. Long, of the United States' engineers, in a letter addressed to the editor of the American Journal of Geology, dated Blountsville, Tennessee, August 3, 1832, writes thus—

"I visited a locality yesterday, on my road from Knoxville to this place, in company with J. S. Gaines, Esq., where portions of the skeletons of the Mastodon have lately been found. It is a marshy tract of a few acres, at the base, and on the south side of Chesnut or Eden's ridge, surrounded by hills of considerable height. The rocks in the vicinity, as well as in the marsh are limestone, in stratified beds, highly inclined, and dipping to the S. E. The proprietor of the ground informed me, that the beds below the marsh, are horizontal limestone. The skeleton was found by him in digging for tan-vats, at the depth of three feet below the surface. The bones soon crumbled and fell to pieces, on exposure to the atmosphere, which was also the case with a very large tusk. The diameter of the tusk at the largest end was ten inches; the circumference, at the distance of four feet from the butt-end, was twenty inches; the length of the cavity occupied by the tusk, or that portion of it which was dug out, was by measure, eight feet. A piece of the smaller end of the tusk was left in the ground, and was not included in the measurement just mentioned."

RULES FOR LADIES.

1. Marry not a profane man; because the depravity of his heart will corrupt your children, and embitter your existence.
2. Marry not a gambler, a tipler, or a haunter of taverns, because he who has no regard for himself will never have any for his wife.
3. Marry not a man who makes it a practice to attend horse races, frolics, &c. because he who sees no harm in doing this, will soon see no harm in taking a dram, will soon see no harm in doing things still worse.
4. Marry not a man who makes promises which he never performs; because you can never trust him.
5. Marry not a man whose actions do not correspond with his sentiments; because the passions have dethroned reason, and he is prepared to commit every crime to which an evil nature unrestrained can instigate him. The state of that man who regards not his own ideas of right and wrong is deplorable and the less you have to do with him the better.
6. Marry not a man who is in the habit of running after all the girls in the country; because the affections are continually wavering—and therefore never can be permanent.
7. Marry not a man who neglects his business; because if he does when single, he will be worse when married.

In a pretended conversation between a Lexicographer and a Peasant, the Comic

Magazine shows how entirely a person may fail of making himself understood, if he does not adapt his words to the comprehension of his auditor:

"Dilatory fellow!" said the Lexicographer, (for such, by his conversation, he evidently was) "where have you been loitering, defalcating in your time so egregiously?"

"What did you say, measter?" replied the countryman?

Lexi.—Did you meet with any casualty in your way, that stopped you so?

Peas.—Na, he wur an old acquaintance that stopped me—Jemmy Hancock.

Lexi. Hem! and so you procrastinated with him, eh?

Peas.—Na, I did'nt; I went to the Goat in Boots wi' him.

Lexi.—Ah, and had your dinner in the interim?

Peas.—Na, we had it in the tap-room.

Lexi.—Block head! the terms are synonymous.

Peas.—Are they? I thought 'em very dear—ten pence for eggs and bacon.

Lexi.—Confound the fellow! how does this amalgamate?

Peas.—Oh, I never stopped for that.

Lexi.—Ah, totally abstracted from the consequences! Fell into a reverie on your road, I dare say?

Peas.—Na, I did'nt; I fell into a ditch, though—ale wur so strong!

Lexi.—And came out covered with chagrin?

Peas.—Na, but there wur plenty o' mud!

Lexi.—Impervious dolt! Chagrin, I said.

Peas.—Green! oh, I know now; we call it chickweed in our parts.

Lexi.—I shall lose all patience! You were born incorrigible!

Peas.—Na, I war'nt; I war born in York-shire—High street, Wakefield.

Lexi.—Again mistaken! Do you ever deviate?

Peas.—Na, I only goes out portering.

Lexi.—You want common ratiocination, fellow!

Peas.—Na, I don't! I only want you to settle my account—one-and-eight pence; that can't be dear, for such a load as this!

Lexi.—I am foiled with my own weapons! Can you not discriminate even a common case?

Peas.—Na, I can't take less. It's more nor 3 mile, and case, as you call it, be heavy.

Lexi.—I must succumb. There is your money, fellow! go your way, and, let me thank Heaven, I am released from the purgatory of your obtusity!

A FRAGMENT.

I stood on the banks of the Niagara, which world of waters was sweeping by as if in haste to reach the precipice and leap in the gulf below. A man approached and launching a skiff gilded and painted in the most elegant manner, leaped into it and pushed from the shore. Amazed at his apparent recklessness of danger. "Do you not know," said I, "that the current is rapid and the cataract near?"—

Yes but I fear no danger—I shall not be drawn over the falls, for I have a watchful eye, a brawny arm, and a good pair of oars." Thus saying he sat down in the boat, and began to amuse himself with a quantity of toys which he had provided while the current swept rapidly onward toward the roaring cataract. Those who stood upon the shore called to him in alarm, to hasten and escape while yet there was hope, from the certain destruction before him. But his only answer was—"Take care of yourselves, I can take care of myself. I have oars and strength and can come to the shore any time I please. I shall not go over the falls," and the water bore him away.—Again and again his alarmed friends called and entreated, but the answer was the same. At length he approached the rapids where the dark waves roll, and roar, and flash. Then indeed he began to exert his strength and ply the oar, but too late. From wave to wave the boat was hurried, till it trembled for a moment upon the verge of the dizzy height, and in the next, the plunge was closed on him forever.

Such is the language and such the end of the intemperate drinker.—*Temp. Rec.*

LITERARY CABINET.

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, APRIL 13, 1833.

The absence of the Editor may be regarded as an apology for any want of attention apparent in the present number.

Agents

FOR THE LITERARY CABINET.
OHIO.

Bridgeport	Dr. Henry West, P. M.
Belmont	Ezer Dillon, Jun.
Barnesville	Nicholas Judkins.
Cadiz	David Christy.
Cambridge	Nathan Evans, Esq.
Columbus	Smithson E. Wright.
Captina	William W. Waters.
East Liverpool	Sanford C. Hill.
Flushing	Samuel T. Sharp.
Farmington	George Cope, P. M.
Fairview	Edward D. Roseman.
Foulkestown	William Christy, P. M.
Farrington Centre	Charles L. West.
Granville	Sereno Wright, P. M.
Green P. O.	Samuel Paull.
Harrisville	Samuel Lewis, P. M.
Hanover	Dr. Abel Carey.
Leatherwood	William Smith.
Little Beaver Bridge	Thomas Moore, P. M.
Morristown	Dr. Robert Hamilton.
Mount Pleasant	Vickers Milhouse.
Millersburgh	George Knight.
Middletown	James Nichols.
New Lisbon	Joshua Hanna.
New Alexandria	Wesley Scott.
Painesville	Jacob D. Truax.
Richmond	Dr. Eli M. Pyle.
Salem	Dr. E. Williams.
Steubenville	Joseph Cable.
Somerton	Geo. Davenport, P. M.
Washington	Dr. William Wright.
Woodsfield	Dr. Josiah M. Dillon.
Wellsville	J. M. Chaderick.

VIRGINIA.

Fairview, Brooke co.	H. Moore, P. M.
Wheeling	Augustus D. Carroll.

PENNSYLVANIA.

trBeland's Roads	William L. Robb.
trUontown	Alonzo L. Little.

POETRY.

From the Cincinnati Gazette.
THE EMIGRANT,

OR REFLECTIONS DESCENDING THE OHIO.

This poem was recited in the Lyceum a short time since, by F. W. THOMAS, Esq. One extract from it has been published, and I have obtained the author's permission to present another to the readers of the Gazette. The author supposes himself to be an emigrant, descending the Ohio river, and he embodies the numerous reflections that flit across his mind in this poem. Among these, the frightful and bloody strifes between the Indians and the whites intrude themselves—and the poet exclaims:

"For then, perchance, thy stream ran red with blood;
Then pale and red men met upon thy shore,
Embracing foes, they sank within the flood
Fierce twins in death, and joined forevermore—
Forever more in time—Eternity!
Thy doom we see not, and we may not see,
But God is just; to him the red race fly—
Driven to the pathless West—thence upward to
to sky.

Long ere the pale face knew them, or their land,
Here too the red men met in the stern strife,
Of foe to foe, and bloody hand to hand,
The mortal agony of life for life.
How fertile is this dark and bloody ground!
Here death has given many a horrid wound!
Here was the victim tortured at the stake,
While dark revenge stood by, his burning thirst
to slake.

Methinks I see it all within yon dell,
Where trembles through the leaves the clear moon-
light—
Say Druid Oak; can'st not the story tell?
Why met they thus, and wherefore did they fight?
And wept his maiden much, and who was he?
Who thus so clammy bore his agony—
Sang he his death song well—was he a chief?
And mourned his nation long, in notes of lengthen-
ed grief.

Here from the woods he came to woo his mate,
And launched to meet her his bark built canoe!
Who would have thought he had a soul to hate,
To see him thus all gentleness to woo!
In tender tones he tells his deeds of war,
With blindest feelings shows the ghastly scar
He joyed to take, that he might win his bride;
His own—his blushing one—the dark eyed by his
side.

Again he went, again she looks for him,
At the death stake her warrior love is tied:
Say, when he thought of her, did the tear swim?
Shook for an instant that bold Indian's pride?
No! When he thought of her, it was to nerve
A soul whose purpose knew not how to swerve.
For this she loves him, holds him doubly dear;
He knows what 'tis to love, but knows not what
to fear.

Built o'er the Indian's grave, the city here
To all the pomp of civic pride is given,
While o'er the spot there falls no tribute tear,
Not even his kindred drop the dew of heaven.

How touching was the chieftain's homily!
That none would mourn for him when he should
die.

Soon shall the race of their last man be run—
Alas! and who will mourn for them? Not one—not
one.

Hence they have passed away as thou must pass,
Who now art wandering wastward, where they
trod,

An atom in the mighty human mass
Who live and die. No more, the grave-green sod
Can but be made the greener, o'er the best,
A flattering epitaph may tell the rest;
While those who come, as comes this onward wave,
Forget who sleeps below, and trample on their
grave.

Yet who, that ever trod upon this shore,
Since the rude red man left it to his tread—
Thinks not of him, and marks not o'er and o'er,
The contrast of the living with the dead.
There the tall forest falls—that Indian mound
Will soon be levelled with the ploughed up ground.
Where stands that village church, traditions hold
The war-whoop once rang loud o'er many a
warrior cold.

Where stole the paddle-plied and tottering bark
Along the rough shore's craggy sedge side—
Where the fierce hunter from the forest dark,
Pursued the deer o'er the mountain's wild;
Now towering Cities rise on either hand,
And Commerce hastens by to many a strand,
Not on her white wings as upon the sea—
Yet borne as bravely on, and spreading liberty.

And here where once the Indian mother dwelt,
Cradling her infant on the blast-rock'd tree,
Feeling the vengeance that her warrior felt,
And teaching war to childhood on her knee,
Now dwells the Christian mother; O! her heart
Has learned far better the maternal part—
Yet in deep love, in passion for her child,
Who can surpass thine own wild woman of the
wild.

Our homes, and hearts, and nature—the blue sky,
Breathe these affections into all who live,
The flowings of fountains cannot dry.
Who gave us life? 'Tis he who bids them live;
And they have lived here in this forest bower,
In all the strength, the constancy, the power,
The deep devotion, the unchanging truth
Of Eden's early dawn, when Time was in her
youth.

How deeply eloquent was the debate,
Beside the council-fire, of these red men!
With language burning as his sense of hate—
With gesture just—with eye of keenest ken—
With illustration simple, but profound,
Drawn from the eagle o'er him, sky, or ground
Beneath his feet, and with unfaltering zeal,
He spoke from a warm heart, & made even cold
hearts feel.

And this is eloquence. It is the intense
Impassioned fervor of a mind deep fraught
With native energy—when soul and sense
Burst forth embodied in the burning thought,
When look, emotion tone, are all combined—
When the whole man is eloquent with mind—
A power that comes not at the call, or quest,
But from the gifted soul, & the deep feeling breast.

Poor Logan had it, when he mourned that none
Were left to mourn for him—'twas his who sway'd
The Roman Senate, by a look; or tone;
'Twas the Athenian's, when his foes dismayed,
Shrunk from the earthquake of his trumpet call;
'Twas Chatham's strong as either, or as all—
'Twas Henry's holiest, when his spirit woke
Our patriot father's zeal to burst the British yoke."

[The stars, in the foregoing extract, indicate an omission. The stanzas omitted contain an apostrophe to love, neither out of place, nor destitute of poetical merit; but their insertion would have compelled us to have extended the extract and notice beyond the space in which we had resolved to confine them.]

Does any person feel his Pride raised by mixing with the Rich and Great?—asks a gentleman in Sunderland, England, in a recent letter to a friend—and then adds—"while I write this, there is a female now employed in throwing coal into my cellar, who is the widow of a naval officer deceased, and has actually danced with George the Fourth." So fades the glory of this world.

We say not that coal-heaving is not really as honorable as dancing with such a man as George IV. But, as 'honor and shame' are commonly meted only by a giddy world;—what a fall is there!

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